

THE

553.

GOLDEN ISLAND

OR

the *DARIAN* SONG

In Commendation of
All Concerned in
that Noble Enterprize

Of the VALIANT SCOTS.

By a Lady of Honour.

EDINBURGH

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be sold at his Printing-House
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GOLDEN ISLAND

Or the *Darian Song* in Commenda-
tion of All Concerned in that
Noble Interprize of the
Valiant S C O T S.

SOME Slumbring thoughts possess'd my
was Prophesied of Old, (brain,
That ALBANIE should Thrissels spread,
o're all the *Indian Gold*.

Me thought I heard the Valiant SCOTS
beneath the *Northern Poll*,
Rejoycing of their Prosperous Voyage,
which *England* did Control.

The Heavens did Favour them so Fair,
they were into Deaths Jaws,
And *Neptune* bowed the lottie Seas,
and humbled all her Waves,
Untill the Ransomed should pass
that ventured on the Main.

The *English* Great, then ventur'd twice,
and were beat back again.

A

Sol,

Sol, Luna, Mars and Jupiter,
Heavens Canopic did keep.

Be sure some Angel stier'd our Helm,
when some were fain a sleep:

To guide us to that Noble place,
was promis'd us before,

That will Enrich brave ALBANIE,
which Fame does still adore :

It is ordain'd in Holy Write,

Death pay'd our Sacrifice ;

The *Thistle* and the *Red Lyon*,
will Crush our Enemies.

We're Antipods to *England* now,
win by a pleasant Toil.

We've sail'd the Gulf against the Tyde,
come to a fruitful Soil.

Who can express what we expect,
since we are favoured so,

The Lord has thought upon our slight,
some thought to make us low :

All Men that has put in some Stock,
To us where we are gone ;

They may expect our Saviours words
a Hundered reap for One ;

For to Encourage every One
that ventures on the Main,

come

Come cast thy Bread on Waters great,
thou'lt get it back again.

The World durst never *Scotland* Brag,
for Valour and Renown:

Go pass the Line furrow'd the Glob,
not such an Ancient Crown.

What One has slighted us before,
not want of Honour sure:

Brave Noble Spirits, in Ancient Land,
onlie is called Poor.

Our Enemies has the Sun shine,
so well we know our Foes:

But the *Thrissel* in the *Lyons* hand,
'gainst *Leopards* and *Rose*;

The Lord will mend the *Broken Reed*;
and will not quench the spark:

Our Enemies shall all fall down,
as *Dagon* before the Ark.

Fortune put on her Gilded Sails,
went to the Antipods:

Heathens receiv'd us with a Grace,
as if we had been Gods.

The Gales blew sweet, we Bless the LORD,
for all our sails were full,

King WILLIAM did Encourage us,
against the *English* will.

His Words is like a Statly Oak,
will neither Bow nor Break;

We'll venture Life and Fortune both,
for *Scotland* and his sake,

For

For he has done such valiant Acts,
 what Pen can him express?
 Lay down your Crowns and Batrons all,
 that came by *Adams* Race.

What will be said in future times
 when *Virtue* yields her Flowers;
 The Babes unborn will then cry out,
 no Parent's like to Ours.

This great Attempt is carried on,
 by Mortals that has breath;
 It seems the Lord does mind to send
 Christs Gospel through the Earth:
 To writ the parts of these brave Men,
 that has sent us away :

The *Vialactia* smiles to see,
Scotland's new Nuptial day.

The Harp play'd us a pleasant Spring,
 and *Neptune* took a dance,
 Made *Monsieur Flower-de-luce* to fall,
 into a deadly Trance.

When we were on the *Darien* Main,
 and viewed that Noble Land,
 The Trees joy'n'd hands and bowed low,
 for Honour of *Scotland*.

Young Native Babes that never spake,
 Dame Nature had them cry,
 And utter forth some joyfull Notes,
 to welcome *ALBANIE*!

Refreshing Springs and Rivolats
 when we were Landed there,

Came glidding with her Jumbling Notes,
 invites us to take share;
 The chearming birds, that haunts the Woods,
Meavis, Peacock and Dove,
 Brought Presents in their mouths, and sang
 we pay Tribute to you.
 We went in Boats, and come to Land,
 which banish all our fears.
 The Seas did mourn for want of us,
 each Oar was dropping Tears.
 The Woulf, the Lyon, and the Boar,
 the Wyld Tigger and Fox,
 Did fill their Claws with Golden Dust,
 salutes us from the Rocks.
 The Tortels in the *Indian Seas*,
 left Eggs upon the Land,
 And came to see that Noble Fleet,
 was come from Old *Scotland*.
 The Hurtchion came out of the Woods,
 her prickels Load with Fruit,
 She mumbled, but she could not speak,
 ye're welcome all come eat.
 The Balmie Grass, and blooming Flowers,
 were all covered with dew;
 Then *Phobus* bid them give a smell,
 and that would pay their due.
 The Seas began to roar for joy
 when we were all past through,
 and *Neptune* with his great *Herry-Kain*,
 to us was like a Loach;

and

'And still we bleis the LORD of Hosts;
and all our Benefactors.

'And drank a health to ALBANIE,
for all our Brave Directors.

Alas, Banks did Overflow
only but Egypt's land;

But your Fame will the World O'erspread,
and Banks of Heathen land.

We have another Fleet to sail,
the Lord will Reik them fast;

It will be wonderful to see,
the Sun rise in the West!

If I should name each One concerned,
according to their Station,

Ten Quair of paper would not do,
its known by true Relation:

For some are Noble, All are Great;

Lord bleis your Companie,

And let your Fame, in Scotland's Name,

O'erspread both Land and Sea.

F I N I S

